Anti-Slavery Office,
Monday Evening, Dec. 28, 1835.

My dear Wife:

Without accident or detention, I have safely arrived in Boston, having been only eight hours on the journey. We accomplished the distance from Brooklyn to Worcester, (40 miles,) in less than five hours, including stoppages and the changing of horses! Thanks to an accommodating driver and a fine team! As the travelling was hard, the stage by its rumbling discouraged conversation — and so, very little was said, except between the young minister and Miss Putnam, who conversed together with the zeal and fluency of lovers. But, mind — I have not said that they love each other, or mean to be united together in wedlock, either according to the Episcopal fashion or any other; but unquestionably Shakspeare was right: "there are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Dear brother Henry was at the depot, and clapped his hand upon my shoulder as soon as I put my foot upon the soil, giving me quite a brotherly welcome. We then rode to Miss Parker's, (where I am to remain,) and were just in season to take tea. It was quite refreshing to see familiar faces once more. Mr. and Mrs. May sat at my right hand, propounding many questions about the Brooklynites, to which I responded as rapidly as possible. As soon as I had finished my supper, I came down to the office, and having first chatted a little with brother Henry and friend Knapp, then read the last Liberator, I have now seized my pen to write to one who is dearer to me than any other earthly object. I mean this shall reach you on Wednesday, if possible, because I know how you will appreciate my promptness.

Whether Mr. May will visit Brooklyn, I had no time to learn, but gave him the letters, which he read at the table, but made no remarks upon them. I do not think Mrs. May will feel willing to have him leave her at this time.

Brother Phelps has been mobbed in Farmington. A large brickbat was thrown through the window, almost with the velocity of a cannon-ball, and narrowly missed his head. Had it struck him, undoubtedly he would have been killed on the spot. He went on with his lecture, however, and told the people he would not cease to plead the cause of enslaved humanity in that place, until either mob-law was put down, or he should fall a victim. The next evening his meeting was slightly disturbed, but the third evening he carried his point triumphantly. About twenty of the rioters have been arrested — all "men of cloth."

Rev. Mr. Grosvenor has been mobbed in Worcester county.

Charles Stuart has been mobbed in the western part of the State of New-York. A brickbat struck him on the head, which made him senseless for a time — but as soon as he recovered, he began to plead for the suffering and dumb, until he was persuaded by a clergyman to desist.

Rev. George Storrs has been mobbed, (according to law,) in New-Hampshire. In the midst of his prayer, he was arrested, and violently shaken, and carried before a Justice of the Peace, as a vagrant, idler and disturber of the peace!! by gentlemen, too!! But they could find nothing against him legally, and so he was dismissed.

These shameful transactions will doubtless be multiplied — but our safety and strength lie in an omniputent arm. — "The Lord reigneth" — we have no other, and desire no better consolation.

A sharp Review of Dr. Channing's book has just appeared, said to be from the pen of James T. Austin, the famous Attorney General in the case of Mr. Cheever. Of course, I have not had time to read it.

The anti-slavery debate in Congress continued five days! Mr. Slade of Vt. spoke nobly. They did not dare to reject the petitions, but laid them on the table. The southerners were very fierce.

I suppose very many will be disappointed in not seeing me at the Monthly Concert this evening — but I felt somewhat wearied, and preferred writing to you.

Already my brain whirls with excitement, so many things are said to me, and so many documents and papers remain to be examined.

If I continue writing any longer, I shall lose the mail; so I hastily conclude the worst scrawl I ever sent to you.

With the kindest remembrances to all the dear household, I remain in the bonds of love,

Your devoted husband,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Single. 10

Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,

Brooklyn,

Ct.

Care of Gen. Benson, Esq.